



DANCE OF THE CRIPPLES.

An Extraordinary Ball Given by a Unique Association in Pittsburgh.

There was much food for thought at the South Side Cripples' Athletic association ball and reception in old Turner hall. The members of this organization, unlike their fellow unfortunates, find much that is bright in life, although they are objects of curiosity, and debarred from some of the pleasures other people enjoy by reason of their maimed condition.

It was the most unique ball ever held on the south side, and the friends of the cripples packed the big ballroom. This is the only organization of its kind in Pittsburgh, and the qualifications for membership require that the applicant be maimed in some manner. The cripple population of the south side turned out for an evening's pleasure. They seemed to take as much enjoyment out of the affair as those of the 600 who were not maimed in any way, and while their efforts to execute the figures of the quadrille were not very graceful, they were none the less vigorous. The spacious floor was crowded and presented a remarkable sight. One armed man predominated. It was a physical responsibility for one legged men to take part in the dance, but they came strongly to the front when the grand march was announced, and went through the figures with an air of unmixed pleasure—even carried the time better than some of the two legged people.

The grand march was called at 9 o'clock and President F. S. Heilich took his place in front of the music stand with Miss Agnes Jones, a pretty little brunette, prepared to lead the march. President Heilich had his kneecap split when quite young, which causes him to limp like Richard III. He was followed in the march by Thomas Prince, vice president of the association, who fell off a lumber pile while at play many years ago and became permanently disabled. He gets around with difficulty, but his movements were accelerated under the inspiring strains of the harp and violin and the blandishments of his pretty partner's smiles.

William Gost followed and walked on the wrong side of his partner on account of an armless sleeve. He was run over by a Pittsburgh, Virginia and Charleston railroad train some years ago and lost his right arm. Thomas Monday came next, with a fingerless hand, the fingers of his right hand having been cut off by a nail machine. Scott Metz, the next member in line, was born a cripple and wears an iron brace on his left ankle. Henry C. Brown has a stiff leg, the result of a knee disease. He went through the quadrille movements with more agility than his friends expected. William Disenrot, the last member of the association leading the march, lost his left arm by an accident on the Pittsburgh and Birmingham Electric road.

After the promenade sets were formed and the quadrille commenced. The cripples were generally slow in the execution of the figures on account of the waxed floor, but they danced with considerable ease. A large crowd looked out from the gallery and watched the dancing of their crippled friends with much pleasure.

The reception continued until 2 a. m., and was a great success in every way. The cripples were not in the least sensitive and didn't mind their friends enjoying the fun which they afforded.—Pittsburgh Times.

The Use of the Knout in Russia.

"Forty stripes the judge may give the culprit and not exceed," says Deuteronomy; and St. Paul says, "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one." In those olden times, before the religion of love and mercy had dawned upon the world, the law of Moses decreed that forty was the greatest number of stripes that should ever be permissible under any circumstances and for the worst crimes. But in Christian Russia they are not bound by any such law, and nothing is there to prevent the brutish cruelty of the authorities of that country to scourge a man to death. And the worst feature of the proceeding is that the cruelty is treated by the upper classes, and more particularly by the women, as a pastime which it would be great loss to forego.

A soldier on duty at the powder magazine of the fortress of Kalish, in western Russia, had fallen asleep and was sentenced to receive 200 strokes with the knout. The place and the time of the punishment was fixed, and the officers' wives and daughters of the garrison were invited to witness the spectacle, and they did not fail to be present in full numbers. At the fiftieth stroke the poor victim commenced groaning piteously, but soon ceased, and before half the number of strokes was given the body lay motionless—stiff, as if dead. A soldier who poured water over the victim's face was reprimanded by the executioner. The body was then taken to the hospital. The poor fellow leaves a wife and children.—Chicago Herald.

An Egg Laying Rooster.

Dr. J. H. Musser, of Lampeter, told a remarkable story to a number of the members of the Lancaster County Medical society at the annual dinner on Thursday. It was nothing more nor less than the assertion that Mr. John Eshleman, the well known miller of West Lampeter township, has a rooster that lays eggs. When it first became suspected that this rooster was usurping the rights which were previously supposed to belong exclusively to the hens—in other words, when it became suspected that he was laying eggs—he was penned up and watched. No one had access to him, but the family, and consequently no trick could be played upon them. He has thus far laid twenty-seven eggs, nine of them in three days.—Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner.

A Joke on the "Thunderer."

The death of a Mr. Catty in London has called to mind the amusing trick that was played on the London Times years ago. This obituary notice appeared in The Times:

Died, on the 1st inst., Mr. Magog Catt, of the town clerk's office, Guildhall. Sincerely regretted.

Now Magog Catt was a beautiful and well known tabby called Magog, attached to the town clerk's office. Magog had departed this life. More fun was derived from The Times announcement than the mischievous clerks who sent the notice had anticipated. The Mr. Catty who has just died was the head clerk in the office, and hundreds of people who read the notice of Mr. Magog Catt's death confounded tabby with the head clerk, and condolences began to pour in. Many people called to inquire what caused Mr. Catt's sudden demise. Others left cards without inquiry. Many letters of sympathy, applications for the supposed vacant post and circulars from undertakers began to pour in. Monument makers addressed letters to the executors of the "late Magog Catt, Esq."

The joke continued in various forms for weeks, and "Magog Catt, Esq." even received touching memorial paragraphs about his "services to the corporation" in the provincial newspapers. All these tributes were carefully collected and placed in a scrapbook, which is still in the Guildhall library. The funniest feature of all this confusion was a letter from a gentleman of antiquarian proclivities who wrote that he was compiling a work on curious nomenclature and inquiring if it was by accident or otherwise that an employee of the corporation had been christened "Magog." The English newspapers are now telling of the kind obituary notices Mr. Catty read of himself when he was supposed to be identical with the late lamented Magog Catt.—New York Sun.

The Queen's Conquest.

During the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877 many Roumanian soldiers were wounded, and Queen Elizabeth—Carmen Silva—who constantly visited the hospitals, found that some of the patients died because they chose death rather than disfigurement. It occurred to her that if one yielded others would follow, and one day, when the surgeon was turning sorrowfully away from an obstinate patient who could be saved only by an operation, she approached and added her own entreaties.

Still the soldier reiterated that, if his leg were amputated, he should only be taken for a mendicant, like the wretched outcasts of the Carpathians.

"I am not a beggar," said he proudly. "I will lose my life, but not my honor."

"It is true," said the queen, "you are not a beggar, but I am," and she threw herself on her knees at the bedside. "I have never prayed but to God, but now I supplicate you to listen to his wish and mine. Let your leg be taken off and spare your life to your family, your country and me, and—"

"And if I consent, my lady, what then?"

"Why, then," she said joyfully, rising and seizing his hand again, "why, I will give you the most beautiful cork leg in Europe; it shall work with springs, and when the war is over you shall come and dance at the palace with your sons."

"I consent," he said softly, "but you must hold my hand during the operation."

After that there was no more opposition to the surgeon's wishes, since they were also those of the beloved lady of the land.—Youth's Companion.

Saved by His Horse.

The Indian papers give particulars of the murderous attack made upon Lieutenant Robertson, R. E., by a Ghazi at Gullstan. It appears that the former was out riding and was joined by the Ghazi, who was also on horseback. Both entered into friendly conversation, and shortly afterward put their horses to a trial of speed, in which Lieutenant Robertson outstripped his rival, when the Ghazi, being a short distance behind, suddenly drew his tulwar and inflicted a severe gash on Lieutenant Robertson's neck and otherwise wounded his hand, which he had raised to ward off the Ghazi's attack.

Lieutenant Robertson was brought into Quetta and taken to the station hospital, where he is at present being treated, and there is every hope of his recovery. The young Ghazi was arrested and brought into Quetta to be identified by Lieutenant Robertson, and it having been proved conclusively that he was the individual who attacked him, he was in consequence summarily tried, found guilty of an attempt to murder and sentenced to be hanged and his body afterward burned. The sentence was carried into effect on Tuesday morning.

It is stated that when Lieutenant Robertson fell off his horse and was lying on the ground bleeding profusely the faithful animal protected his master from further injury by kicking at the Ghazi and attempting to bite him. But for this remarkable behavior on the part of Lieutenant Robertson's horse, it is supposed that the Ghazi would have probably hacked Lieutenant Robertson to death.—St. James' Gazette.

Swallows in a Chimney.

A Norwich man who notes the arrival of the birds in the spring was surprised Tuesday evening to see with what facility thousands of swallows packed themselves away for the night. For the past ten days he has watched the swallows as they have circled in midair at nightfall over the center of the city. Tuesday night there appeared in one flock so many that they formed a cloud of birds, and after circling about awhile the leader started for the chimney on the northeast corner of the Broadway school house, and the whole flock followed, flying into the chimney till the last swallow disappeared. In relating the incident the gentleman said: "I was amazed to see them all go into a single chimney. They formed a large flock, and I do not believe there were less than 5,000 of them."—Norwich Bulletin.

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